THE

Missile

Petersburg High School.

MANN

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THE ANNA P. BOLLING JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

THE MISSILE

MISS ANNA P. BOLLING

In connection with the opening of the new Junior High School, it seems natural that a few facts concerning the life of Miss Anna P. Bolling, for whom the school is named, should be published in our school magazine. The younger generation who will attend this school are not so fortunate as were the parents of many of them in knowing Miss Anna Bolling personally. Many prominent men not only in Virginia but also in other states received their early training from her. The influence that she had in molding the character and stimulating the ambition of her pupils can hardly be estimated.

Miss Anna Peyton Bolling was born September 30, 1836, at "Linden" in Amelia County, Virginia. She was the youngest of six children. Her father was John Peyton Bolling, of the Pocahontas Bollings. On his side she was related to the Tabbs and the Peytons as well as to several other early families of Virginia. Her mother was Anna F. Gilliam through whom she was related to the Skeltons.

When she was only four or five years old Miss Anna's family came to Petersburg to live. Their home was on High Street, and Miss Anna lived there until a short while before her death. She went to a private school on Market Street conducted by Mr. Leavenworth. However, she received most of her education by indefatigable reading.

Miss Anna started teaching in October, 1868, at the old High School. She gave her whole life to her school and was entirely absorbed in her work. It was through her effort and encouragement that many of her pupils continued their studies after they had finished high school. Miss Anna resigned in May, 1907, having taught thirty-nine years. During all of this time, except for two years, she was principal of the school.

When the old Petersburg High School was torn down, the high iron fence which surrounded it was presented to Miss Anna as a token of gratitude. She had the fence placed around her house, and it still stands there.

Miss Anna Bolling died February 8, 1918. In her death Petersburg lost one of the most lovable and influential personages it has ever known.

A. B.

THREE POEMS

By Edward A. Wyatt

I.

Deceit

I have two lanterns in a hall;
One hangs before a window
On a gilded rod.
Brick walls are framing it,
And it throws a flood of light
Upon the street.
And it is all that it should be—
I hung it there for you.
The other is a lovely thing
Above a vat of incense
Whose pungent sweetness
Fills the saffron air.
It would be sacrilege for you to stand where I stand
And gaze on it,
For it is mine.

II.

Sonnet For An Old Poet

Old man who walked down Boxley lanes in spring
  And saw the sun rise over castle walls,
  Or courted where the church yard ivy falls,
Who stopped to hear the flashing starlings sing;
Who wrote quaint verses for some lovely thing
  That lived beneath the towers of Allington
  And grew to beauty where the Kentist sun
Rode over heath and down, a bird on wing—

You are a shadow in a chapel nave,
A memory in a garden spot in Rome,
A lonely song upon a Kentist down,
One sack of bones within a Boxley grave,
Where roots of solemn yew trees claw the loam,
A mound, a tomb, in ancient Boxley town.

III.

The Dance

The sun has been setting,
Dancing a slow retreat
To the strumming and humming of banjos.

Old negro women sway to the music,
And puff their pipes
While the odors of damp earth
Rise to the rhythm
Of the strumming and humming of banjos.

The night is a canopy
Dragged from a closet;
The stars are the moth holes
Which flicker and glow.
They dance slow steps
To the strumming and humming of banjos.

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Petersburg is making rapid strides in the direction of adequate and attractive school buildings. Probably none has meant more for the advancement of local education than the new Junior High School.

From a physical standpoint it compares to advantage with any of its kind in Virginia and the South. Of course that is not the soul of any school, but a well equipped building has the same bearing on the scheme of education as a well equipped body has on the mental condition of a person. On approaching the building one is impressed by the size and beauty of the structure. The yellow brick wall with the stately rotunda presents a pleasing appearance in its balance and effect.

The ground floor contains nine classrooms and a cafeteria of standard size which accommodates at least six hundred people. In addition to these are the manual training and domestic science rooms and also two infirmaries for boys and girls.

The second floor is the main floor. On it are located nine classrooms of regular size and two large classrooms to be used for special purposes if necessary. The teachers' rest room is on the second floor. There is also an auditorium of a capacity of nine hundred persons. Adjoining the principal's office are the waiting room and the clerk's office which opens into the library. Opposite the principal's office is the book room.

On the third floor are situated eleven classrooms of standard size, a drawing room, and two science rooms properly equipped for scientific study. The balcony of the auditorium is entered from the third floor.

The school is marked throughout by suitable accommodations and equipment. The library is designed to meet the problem of housing books for years to come. The individual rooms are more conveniently arranged than those of any other school in Petersburg. All are fitted out with cloak rooms and closets, and around the walls of each is a cork strip about a foot in width on may handwork may be placed. Each classroom seats twenty-five students. The science laboratories are each equipped with all necessary apparatus for the conducting of experiments. The domestic science rooms are fitted out with suitable tables, stoves, and sinks of porcelain. The book room for the handling and selling of text books will be convenient for the pupils. The school will hold approximately one thousand two hundred and twenty students.

It is well to think of "The Anna P. Bolling Junior High School" as a monument to the educator after whom it is named. The granite rotunda fronting on Fillmore Street bears the inscription, and opposite the entrance in the corridor is a handsome bronze tablet bearing the dedication.

Edward A. Wyatt, IV.

SYMBOLS

Trees

By Eula Faison

The trees swaying in the breeze
Are like unto a maiden
Dancing gracefully,
Bending her beautiful form
With tresses flying.

Her Pleasure

By Effie B. Bailey

Her skirt ripples as she dances
  In the sun there—she's happy, you see.
She's continually singing and dancing
  And flirting—yes, flirting with me!
Her way is hard, but she's made it easy—
  Made easy this way that she took—
By smiling and singing and dancing. You see,
  She's a gay, little, rippling brook.

Wind

By Ruth Pritchett

Among the hills,
The green turfed hills,
The clear whistling wind comes
Like a musician's hand
To play upon the pines
Among the hills.

Clouds

By George Cameron

Great white ships
In a sea of blue,
Sailing across the horizon.
Big ships, little ships, unshapely ships,
All on pleasure bent,
With no destination.

Dreams

By Robert Ritchie

My dream is a bubble,
Made in wasted time,
Alive, now dead,
A living shining thing,
A drop of water,
An air castle,
An empty heart;
But grimy hands,
They do not fade away.

Wind

By Virginia Pegram

The wind
Howls mournfully,
Like a blow pipe
Sending fodder into a barn loft
At harvest time.

The Airplane

By Sue Collier

It flies through the air so smooth and fast,
And it look like a spot in the clouds;
Then like a bird it flits up and down,
And now like a bird
It falls with a broken wing.

The Sky

By Ruth Talbott

The sky is a sea of blue-white foam,
Surging the Heaven above;
Snow white clouds are the little ships,
Tossed from shore to shore;
Stars are the lighthouses to guide some wanderer home;
The moon is the keeper who lights the lamps
And watches the seas all the night long.

JAMES G. SCOTT

With the opening of the new Anna P. Bolling Junior High School the Petersburg High School loses one of its most experienced, efficient and esteemed teachers, Mr. Jas. G. Scott, assistant principal, and a man whom all who have known him personally or in school life have loved and admired.

Mr. Scott was born in Gordonsville, Va. Moving to Smithfield he attended a private school there. From Smithfield he came to Petersburg, and went to the old Anderson School. Here he continued through the eighth grade, then to the Petersburg Acadamy, better known as "Hall and Arrington." In 1907 he entered Hampden-Sidney College in the junior year. In 1909 he was graduated with an A. B. degree, third honor graduate. At Hampden-Sidney he was the senior class historian, member of the tennis team, and a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity. He took an active part in religious and literary activities.

In September, 1909, Mr. Scott began as a teacher in the Woodlawn Seminary, a school for girls, at Gordonsville. His second year of teaching was in Petersburg at the Sixth Ward School, later replaced by the present A. P. Hill School. The next year Mr. Scott came to the Petersburg High School. Until the present time Mr. Scott has been teaching math in the High School. In 1913 he was made head of the math. department. For the term September, 1912-February, 1913, he taught at John Marshall High School in Richmond, returning to Petersburg High School the following term. In 1921 Mr. Scott was made assistant principal.

Beside his regular terms of teaching he taught one summer at the State Teachers College at Harrisonburg. Mr. Scott has taken courses in education at the University of Virginia and Columbia University.

It is with feelings of mingled gladness and regret that the students of the Petersburg High School bid good-by to their esteemed teacher and worthy friend, Mr. Jas. G. Scott.

W. G.

IF I COULD SING

By Margaret Wheary

If I could sing, I'd sing all day
Some little song that is so gay
Which would make this world like new,
And troubles and cares would be so few
That every task would seem like play.

All the people would wonder and say,
Who is this singing a merry lay?
I'd answer as brightly as the dew,
If I could sing.

Some time the people would go astray,
But in my song I'd show the way
To all no matter how sad or blue,
Just as the captain rules his crew,
And as the sun guides by his ray—
If I could sing.

THE PLACE OF THE NEW SCHOOL

A need which the city of Petersburg and the High School especially have felt for several years has at last been remedied.

At the beginning of the February term the new Junior High School will be ready for use. It will accommodate the pupils of the sixth and seventh grades of grammar school and the first year high school.

For many years a very crowded condition has existed at the High School, and it became necessary to build several small houses in the yard to accommodate the overflow. These small buildings made it very inconvenient for those who had to change classes back and forth from them to the main building besides greatly marring the beauty of the school campus.

The need of more school buildings has been felt not only at the High School but at practically every grammar school in the city. Their beauty, also, has been marred by similar small, unsightly buildings here and there about the yards. Though relieving to some extent the crowded conditions in the school, these "little dog-houses", as they are called, were often not as comfortable as the main buildings, and the time of their abolition has been looked forward to with great joy.

The Junior High School will serve as a connection between the grammar schools of the city and the High School, and the faculty will be chosen from both sources. The location selected is one which is thought to be most convenient for children from all over the city. Educational interest in Petersburg has been on a steady up grade for many years, and from time to time the city authorities have found it necessary to build more schools, but the construction of the Junior High is considered one of the most important enterprises in the field of education in Petersburg.

O. B.

THE WREN

By William Grossman

Soon will the wren appear on the scene,
  Singing his song so gayly,
Showing his pleasure to see and be seen,
  Warbling his glad song daily.
Come, little bird, fly along;
Welcome me with your sweet song.

Sweet as the tone of a golden bell
  Rings his song so clearly.
Waiting a chance the world to tell
  Love for his mate so dearly.
Come, little bird, fly along;
Welcome me with your sweet song.

Never the shadow of sorrow to you;
  Always you sing so gladly;
Always happy while others are blue,
  And your heart throbs madly.
Come, little bird, fly along;
Welcome me with your sweet song.

THE WINNER

By Katherine Wheary

If there was any one thing more than another which Tom Drake wanted to do, it was to take a camping trip in company with four of his friends.

The five boys had known each other since a very early age. They had grown up in school and play together, and now they were planning for an automobile trip the next summer. They pored over the maps and guide-books, and read the descriptions of the different mountain lakes and scenic points of interest of the whole state. They were going to experiment as to how much of the country they could see for the sum of fifty dollars a piece.

One of the boys owned a car and the rest were to pay the expense of gasoline and oil, and a

fair mileage tax for tire usage.

Then the unexpected happened. In the spring Tom's father was taken seriously ill, and for a long time his life was despaired of. His long illness meant a heavy business loss, and the physician said he must not think of going back to business for months yet. Tom saw the camping trip fading farther and farther away as summer approached.

He could not keep away from the enthusiastic groups now planning definitely where they were going and how they would divide the expenses. It was all worked out most agreeably, and Tom began to feel an intense loneliness at the thought of the boys starting off without him some fresh, dewy summer morning.

Tom knew that there would be no fifty dollars forthcoming for a camping trip for him unless he could earn it; and there was small chance of this, for his time was fully occupied between his school and the afternoon hours and the Saturday position which he filled with a local shoe-store.

Tom had worked with the Longham Shoe Company for several years, and early in the season had been assured that he would be released for the famous camping trip. Tom had not the courage to tell his employer that he would not be included this year in the outing, for he was still in hopes that some way might turn up so that he could go.

It was one of the hardest things that Tom ever did when he told the other boys they would have to go without him. They had never dreamed of such a thing, and at first they would not hear of it. Every one of the boys was ready to plan a way by which Tom could join them, and they even proposed that he come along anyway, but not share in the expenses.

Tom was too proud to accept any such terms. He would not mar their pleasure by any reference to his own disappointment, and so he went right on helping them get ready for the trip, quite as though he expected to go along.

The time for the approaching trip was near at hand. Everything was all set for an early Tuesday morning start, and Tom made up his mind that there was no chance of his going, and he should tell Mr. Longham that he had given up the plan and would work in the store if he wished him to do so.

On Saturday Tom was a bit late getting started to the store, for he had to help his mother. Then there were several things which had to be done at the last moment so that, when he ran down his own front steps, he had barely time to reach the shoe store before eight o'clock, when he was due.

As he turned the first corner, a stranger accosted him and asked him several questions about the locality. Tom answered courteously, although he could not spare the time. Then the stranger remarked that he didn't know just where Main Street was. Tom invited him to come along with him. He said he would show him, explaining as he did so, that he

was due at his place of business in a few moments. The stranger shook his head disapprovingly.

"Son," he said, "You ought to have started earlier. You will be a failure in life if you set forth at the last minute and then expect, by rushing, to get to your place of appointment. You are bright enough to know better than that, for you never can tell what interruptions will come."

Tom laughed good-naturedly and explained about his father's illness.

The stranger shook his head and seemed to mumble something to himself. However, he walked briskly along beside Tom, and when Tom came to the Longham Shoe Store and explained that this was where he worked, the stranger walked right along in beside him, remarking that he had to have a pair of shoes.

Tom expressed his pleasure at the opportunity of being of service. The stranger looked at him curiously and asked if a boy like him would know enough to fit a pair of shoes properly.

Tom might have taken offense, but he had too much good sense and explained how long he had been in the store, but offered to have one of the older men fit the shoes if he chose. The stranger mumbled something else and said no, that the boy might do it.

Then began a most tedious and trying experience, for the stranger found fault with every style of shoe that Tom offered him. One too tight and the other too loose; one too clumsy, and the other too dudish. But never once did Tom lose his poise or patience. Even when the customer found fault with the price and told for how much less he could get shoes elsewhere, Tom's pleasant manner never failed, nor his readiness to explain the superior quality of the goods sold by the Longham store.

At last a pair of shoes was selected. They were among the highest priced carried in stock, and, to Tom's surprise, the stranger's manner completely changed. Tom handed him the shoes.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Come again. And should anything prove unsatisfactory about these shoes, I hope that you will let us know."

The stranger looked shrewdly at Tom.

"I surely will," he said, "and in case I should have any such complaint to make, this will help to identify me."

He held out an envelope which Tom was surprised to find sealed and strangely heavy, and before he could ask any question, the stranger was gone.

Tom's eyes rested upon these words written upon the face of the envelope:

"A gift in recognition of the most courteous person found in this town. With the compliments of the Star-Citizen."

Tom gave a gasp of surprise. Could it be possible that he had won the fifty dollars in gold offered by the leading newspaper of the place as a reward for courtesy? He remembered that such a contest had been announced three weeks before.

The "Star-Citizen" had announced that a representative,

unknown in town, would come to live in the community sometime during the month of June, and that he would remain for ten days. He would seek the acquaintance of all classes of people, and the most courteous one met would be the recipient of this "grand prize." Tom had forgotten all about it.

Surely enough, the envelope contained the yellow coins and a note of congratulation. Tom took the envelope and its contents straight to Mr. Longham, who congratulated him and gave his permission to go at once to the newspaper office.

Tom was soon back at the store, and found Mr. Longham waiting for him.

"Let me see. You were talking about going on a camping trip. Give me the gold coins, Tom, for a window display, and I will give you my check for seventy-five dollars, for I figure that the advertising the stroe will get out of this affair will be well worth the additional twenty-five dollars.

"There, it is noon! Go home and tell your father what's happened and if I'm not mistaken, it will be as good a tonic as he can have."

Tom put out his hand. "I don't know how to say thank you, sir," he said, with a queer little quaver in his voice, "but I—I think you know that I mean it."

"I surely do," laughed his employer, "and well, run along!"

BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT SKY

By Richard A. Meade

I closed the door,
And the night enveloped me.
I saw the moon
As it sailed through the open sky,
The chariot of the queen
Riding on the highway of the King.

I saw a star
By the side of her mistress, the moon,
The page of her majesty,
The queen.

ON DOGS

By Wadsworth Moore

Jerome K. Jerome's Essay On Babies applies to dogs as well as to babies, because dogs and babies create about the same amount of trouble and are as equally indispensable. Of course all dogs are not indispensable, but neither are all babies.

I don't know of any persons, objects or animals that have caused me to get into trouble more, or in as many tight places as dogs. At present, I have none; and if my luck hold out I don't intend to have any.

About three years ago I had a dog, Sennacherib by name, who had an equal mixture of water spaniel, collie, and several other kinds of blood in him. He had a great tendency for chasing anything that had the power to move, which, upon one occasion, happened to be the wrong thing, or perhaps I'd better say things. Some distance from my home resided a lady who had a favorite hobby for raising chickens. One day as I passed by this house with Sennacherib "snooping" around, he saw the lady's brood of chickens contentedly walking around the yard; before I could say "Jack Robinson" or any other foolish expression, he had jumped the fence and was busily engaged chasing the chickens.

He picked out a large rooster that reminded me of Chaucer's "Chanticleer," as his goal, and sent the rest of the brood flying while he tried to catch him. Of course I tried to stop the dog, but to no avail. The lady, hearing her chickens cackling, came down to investigate; when she found out the cause of the disturbance, she immediately joined the chase.

In making a sharp turn Sennacherib brushed by the lady, upsetting her and leaving a large rent in her dress. I had to pay not only for the dress but for the rooster also, because the dog caught him while I was assisting the lady in rising to her feet.

On another occasion I visited a lady who had just purchased a dog which was imported from China. Judging by the way she handled him and displayed him, she was exceedingly pleased with her purchase, although I wouldn't have walked to Honeyman's Five, Ten and Twenty-five Cent Store for it. She asked me where she should put it at night and then got very indignant when I answered, "In the furnace."

When she had again resumed a calm, sufficient enough to speak, she asked me if I knew what kind it was. I answered, "Certainly, a Hungarian flea hound." With that she asked me kindly to remove my rather lanky frame from her door. I did immediately. It is strange how some people have weaknesses for dogs.

About the time I was "knee-high to a bathtub," I had a dog that went by the uncommon name of Fido. One day my father went down town, bought two pounds of steak, and upon returning, laid it upon the table. When the time

came for it to be cooked there was no steak to be found. Finally, upon looking under the porch, Fido was discovered sinking his teeth in the last tender morsel of it. Another dog was lost.

A good portion of the wool from the rear of my trousers, and also quite a bit of my dignity were lost when I thoughtlessly walked into a yard, without reading the "Beware of the dog" sign nailed to a tree. I sincerely hope, that, by this time, that dog has had a good dose of rat poison or some other substance having the same effect upon his constitution.

My advice—and from my experience, it should be good advice—is to get a plain old hound, that is too lazy to chase chickens or persons, too homely to be petted, and not intelligent enough to steal.

AGE

By Josephine Moomaw

The sun's last rosy lights flood the grey sky.
They fall through a window on an old, old lady
And throw a soft glow over her fragile figure.
Her small, transparent hands lie quiet in her black, silk lap;
Her face in its frame of silver hair is composed;
She is like a priceless old piece of silver lying on a cobwebby
mat of yellowed lace;
Silver so tarnished, but beautiful in its mellow age.

THE MYSTERY OF TEMPLETON

By Virginia L. Strailman

It was a handsome, stately old college, this college of Templeton. It was almost secluded by tall oak trees. A much-used driveway led up to the side of the college. In the day time, it had a spooky and haunted look. At night, the trees cast weird shadows on the campus. There was a legend handed down about this college, making it all the more weird. When Templeton was first built, it was the most popular of all co-ed colleges. About fifty years ago, on the eleventh of November, the most popular professor in the college, Finlay, by name, was murdered. No one ever knew who murdered

him. It was said that every year, on the eleventh of November, this professor was known to walk through East Hall. Whether it was the ghost of the professor or a mystery man no one, so far, had been able to determine. By far, more boys went to Templeton than girls. When the girls found out about the mystery, they usually left. Lots of boys went there, though, because they all wanted to try their luck at solving the mystery. They had not yet been successful. It was now September the thirtieth. Everyone was looking forward to November. The Kappa Psi fraternity was holding its monthly meeting and discussing its plans for discovering the mystery.

About this same time, a middle-aged man, Mr. Dunn, and his son Bobby, of eighteen, were hiking along the Stedford highway—the highway on which Templeton was located. Suddenly the boy stopped.

"Oh, dad, look over there! Have you ever seen such a dandy old place?"

"It looks like a college—and since that's what we're looking for, we'll go up and see it."

"Sure, dad! It looks like the very place for me—your wild, dissipated son."

"That's right," replied the father. "I hope it'll be tame and calm you down a little."

So they went up to the college and asked all the necessary questions. It was a very expensive school, but that mattered little to the wealthy old man.

A good looking boy, passing through the hall, heard part of the conversation. He liked the way Bobby looked. Bobby saw him looking at him. The boy said:

"I'm Jack Templeton, the dean's son. You look like a good sport. Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm any old nut—known as Bobby Dunn."

"Well, I know we're going to be friends. But—let me tell you the spooky history of this college. Man, it's fierce! Most people run when they hear it—but, you don't seem to be the kind to back out over a ghost story."

"I can't wait to hear it. Me for the wild ones—but, for crying out loud, don't tell dad! He thinks it's name up here. Believe me, I'm glad it's not," said Bobby.

So Bobby was enrolled in the college. He became the most popular boy there and was the campus sheik. Anyone would have though he was Ben Lyon by the way the girls raved about him. For Bobby was good looking with his black hair and Irish blue eyes. He made the football team. The Kappa Psi made him a frat brother. On initiation night, in October, they told him the story of the college mystery. Bobby was interested in this.

"Gosh! I can hardly wait for November to come. We've gotta think of some plan to capture the ghost—if it is one—or the mystery man. Tell me some more about it!"

"Well, about two o'clock, on November eleventh, a weird, loose-pointed, white figure in chains glides down East Hall. Its chains clank harshly and its voice is croupy. He usually enters four or five of the rooms and petrifies all the students. None of the stu-

MR. JAMES G. SCOTT,
Principal of the Junior High School

dents made this story up, because too many of 'em saw it. He usually fades away when he reaches the middle of the hall."

"I've got an idea! When it is further developed, I'll tell you all about it. Jack, c'mon and spend the night with me, and I'll get some of your suggestions," said Bobby.

"Right-o," returned Jack.

Bobby and Jack were the best of friends now. That night Bobby related his plan to Jack.

"Darn! that's the swellest plan I've ever heard," Jack said, excitedly, when Bobby had finished telling his plan.

On November the tenth excitement reigned throughout the school. The girls went around with scared faces, but the boys couldn't wait for the next night. More lessons were missed that day than any other.

At twelve o'clock the next night everyone was in bed, but not a soul was asleep. The girls had all the tables and chairs in the rooms piled against the doors. Bobby and Jack were sleeping together, each with one eye open. At two o'clock, exactly as the big clock boomed out, there came a rattling noise down East Hall. Slowly the door of Bobby's room opened. In glided a regular terror of a ghost. So horrible looking was he that Bobby, calmly watching out of the corner of one eye nearly jumped out of bed. Neither Jack nor Bobby gave any evidence that he was awake. The ghost, observed closely, had sunk eyes, a snub nose, and a wicked grinning mouth. His face was ashen and his clothes were white, huge garments. Chains were bound to his arms and feet, making a clanking noise. He glided to the foot of the bed and stood there. Then, slowly, he went to the door and out. Bobby jumped out of bed. He was fully dressed in white robes, and, snatching up a mask, opened his door. The ghost was just entering a girl's dormitory. Bobby went swiftly down the hall and parked right outside the door. He heard a scream inside the room. Silence then reigned for a few seconds. Then the ghost reappeared. Upon seeing a fellow ghost at the door, he stopped. Then Bobby spoke in a still husked voice.

"You—the murderer of Finlay —beware!" At his words the ghost started. He sped down the hall. About midway down, he disappeared. This puzzled Bobby for a second, and then stepping to the place where the ghost disappeared, he, too, faded away. The first sensation Bobby had was that of falling. He was on some kind of a slide, he thought. Then he landed in a tiny room, all furnished. In one corner crouched the old ghost, as though getting ready to spring. Suddenly they clinched. After fifteen minutes of hard fighting Bobby was on top. He tore a mask away from the ghost's face and it revealed the startled ugly face of an old man of about seventy. How strong the man was, thought Bobby. Finally, pretending that he was going to strangle the man, he made a last shot.

"Confess that you're the murderer of Finlay and I'll bet you up. If not, you'll meet a horrible

death!" demanded Bobby.

"Yes, I'll admit I did it. I was only a college boy of twenty. I was in the graduation class. Finlay had a grudge against me. I always hated him—oh—how I hated him! So in a wave of anger I killed him. It seemed to haunt me; so I pretended I was his ghost. I've gotten by with it for fifty years—now I'm caught."

Bobby was triumphant. He was even more popular after his capture of "the mystery man."

"The mystery man" was properly dealt with.

After the clearing up of the mystery, Templeton once again became the most popular of co-ed colleges.

HARBOR SONG

By Frank R. Lum

Harbor mists are grey today,
  The boats are clinging close together,
Hoarse the sirens in the bay,
  Frost is in the autumn weather.

Clouds are hanging low o'erhead,
  Tinged with smoke from funnels bare,
Men are working like the dead—
  Lifeless in the frosty air.

The damp wharves shiver in the mist,
  And fish in the icy waters swim,
Seagulls to the sirens list,
  Led by sound in fog so dim.

Funnels of boats are streaked with smut,
  And thinly edged with the white of frost,
Smoke clouds through the grey fog cut,
  And drift, and drift, and then are lost.

I DON'T EITHER

By Sara Wice

"Have you heard the latest news?" asked Miss Kate as she dashed into her friend's home.

"Why no. I don't gossip," was Miss Mollie's brief, calm reply.

Miss Kate's eyes opened widely, and she bent her head forward as if to understand better what she had just heard. Nevertheless she continued the conversation.

"You don't? Well, neither do I; but I just heard this morning that that Jenkins girl goes out every day to meet that man she goes with and takes him home in her car!"

With this, she straightened herself, tossed her head, and crossed her hands, satisfied with herself for having told her story so satisfactorily "without" gossiping.

"Well, I declare," started Miss Mollie, "and do you know that she goes out with him *every single* night?" With emphasis on the *every* and the *single.*

"Goodness me, I think her mother had better be looking after her child. That's what I think," Miss Kate exclaimed.

"I don't gossip, you know, Miss Kate, but I just want to tell you that I heard that Jim Hughes's girl is going with that new man who came to town, and they say that she's just crazy about him," confided Miss Mollie in a whisper.

"She does? I declare I don't understand what's going to become of these girls," was Miss Kate's thoughtful response. "But that isn't anything!" she continued with a nod. "You don't know half of it yet. Why, I saw him come by my house last night really late, and he was coming from her home. But let's go back to that Penkins child. I believe she wants to marry that man, yes ma'am, I believe she does. But she hasn't told anybody so yet."

For fear that someone might overhear the latter remark, she had drawn nearer and gently whispered it into her friend's ear.

"I didn't know that," said Miss Mollie. "I must go tell Miss Maria. What else has happened? You know I like to hear you talk because you always know all the news about everything and everybody."

"Oh nothing except that the man who kept the shoe store across the street killed himself because his business was so bad. By the way, did I tell you that John has left his wife? Too bad! No, I don't believe I've heard anything since then. Don't people hear a little bit when they don't gossip? That's one thing I have never done and never will do because I don't like it," ended Miss Kate with a sigh of triumph. "Well, I must be going now. Mind you, I don't blame you for not gossiping. I don't do it either, but I must go tell Miss Maria what you told me."

THE THEATER

By Elizabeth Mauney

Come, children, to this theater,
And bring with you a brother
To hear the beautiful music so soft and clear
That brings with it a gladness and a joy to live.

The scenery is far past that of any other place;
Its delicate blue canopy mingles with the green;
The background is painted by a great artist;
Its players are trained in a perfect way.

Come, children, come, there is not far to go,
For out of your door into God's theater you step,
And what greater art do you ask,
What better music do you desire than that of a bird?
Out of the door and into God's theater.

IT DOESN'T PAY TO WAIT

By Margaret Fischer

The manager of the Yellow Cab Company had just finished cutting the envelope, and drawing out the folded sheet, he read: "Send Perk with cab to my house to take me to South Richmond to see a friend off and wait till I return. Peter Trueheart."

He sent "Perk" Henderson at once to Peter Trueheart's home in Barton Heights.

He reached the station in about fifteen minutes, and, without waiting for Perk to open the door for him, he leaped out. "Wait till I return, Perk," was the order given.

Peter hurried into the station. He had received a telegram stating that an old classmate would be at the North Street Station for thirty minutes, and they could have a few words of old times. His classmate was on his way down East and had a very fine specimen of a rare beetle, which Peter Trueheart wouldn't miss seeing for the presidency of a bank. Peter was forty years of age, wealthy, a bachelor and a scholar; he had but one passion—beetles.

His friend came accompanied by his sister, a beautiful lady with

large gray eyes. After becoming acquainted with her, his friend drew a magnifying glass from his pocket and proceeded to examine the beetle.

"Where did you get it?" was Peter's first inquiry.

"It was sent to me from Florida. They say there are more like it to be found down there, and I'm on my way now to find them."

"Then I shall start at once for Florida."

In a few minutes the train drew out of Richmond for Florida carrying Peter Trueheart, his classmate, and his classmate's sister. From the next station he wired back to the housekeeper, informing her that he would be absent from home for several weeks and that she might close up the house and go home for a vacation.

Meanwhile, Perk waited with his cab, and four o'clock passed, then five, then six, and still he waited.

Seven, eight, nine and ten passed. Perk went out to a restaurant at nine and refreshed himself with dinner. Then he returned, and throughout the night he would nap for an hour or two.

When morning came, he was rather drowsy. He decided to telephone the office. He did so, and the answer came. "Will send another cab to relieve you. Orders are to wait."

The manager at the office again referred to the wirtten order, and it stated positively that the cab was to wait. So it waited, Perk taking the relief watch through the following night.

Another day passed, and no Peter Trueheart appeared. Then a week passed—two weeks—three weeks—one month. At the end of the month a bill for thirty-one days and nights was filed against Peter Trueheart, less 10% discount for monthly service.

The first of July came, and still the cabs waited in their turns. Then weeks succeeded weeks until July 31 passed, when a third monthly bill for cab services was charged.

On the morning of the second of August a gentleman and a lady came from one of the doors of the station. Perk was out and opened the door and Peter Trueheart gently helped the lady in.

"Home, Perk," was the order.

"Yes, sir, home!"

The next morning at breakfast Peter found a bill beside his plate. It read:

Peter Trueheart.

Service renedered by Yellow Cab Co. from May 1, 1925, to nine A. M., August 2, 1925.

92 days, 6 hours, at $10 per day	$ 925.00
93 nights at $12 per night	$1,116.00
	$2,041.00
Less 10% monthly discount	204.10
	$1,836.90

Peter studied the bill awhile, then he wrote across the face,

"Mistake; have been away from home three months."

He rang for the servant, "John, take this bill to the Yellow Cab Co."

The following morning Peter found the bill again beside his plate with his order of May 1st.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "So Perk waited! Very well." He took out his pencil and wrote a check for the amount.

"If I hadn't been so thoughtless I would have saved $1,836.90," he said to his wife, the sister of his classmate.

THE NARCISSUS BOWL

By Elizabeth Moore

Look at the bowl in the window—
  Round is it, ugly and small.
Doesn't it seem rather homely,
  With all the flowers of fall?

Plain is the glass it is formed of;
  Prettier shapes have been made.
What do you see in the bottom?
  Dozens of rocks have been laid.

Watching it daily and weekly,
  Sprouts of green we soon see.
Flowers about us are dying;
  These are just coming to be.

Then in December we'll purchase
  Some kind of card to be sent,
Showing the invalid housed up
  For what the narcissus is meant.

A BARNYARD FEUD

By Claudia Johnston

What could be more amusing and still more annoying than a rivalry between neighboring roosters? Our next door neighbor's rooster and ours once set up a rivalry between themselves instead of trying to be friends.

The first of the many contests was to see which could crow the louder, and they picked the most inopportune times to try their skill. Each one would try his best to be the first to wake up and crow loud and long till he woke the other up, and incidentally the whole neighborhood. This strife would usually begin about two o'clock in the morning, and very often continue until sunrise.

So long as just the crowing continued, no serious trouble followed, that is, between the roosters. All the surrounding neighbors had already lost shoes, clocks, brushes, tin pans, and many other articles which could be sailed through the morning air to their destination—the roosters, and we, the proud proprietors of these quarrelsome creatures, had been threatened with poison, murder, arrest, and other such terrible things. But the distinguished gentlemen were not satisfied with crowing. Blows ensued, and before one could blink an eye a battle was raging. Tuck, our prize, mounted the fence and began challenging his neighbor. The courteous neighbor answered anything else but sweetly; therefore Tuck was not a little bit angry. He crowed a tremendous crow and pounced upon his enemy. Wings, beaks, and feet were put in double action, and feathers flew. They fought furiously, and when neither could stand any longer, they decided to say good-bye. They turned in opposite directions. But Tuck was not satisfied with truce. He hesitated a moment and then flew back at his enemy with all the force of his weakened body, but the enemy was too much for him. He returned with all he was able to give, and very shortly Tuck's lifeless body lay on the ground. He had gone where defeat was not known.

The neighborly enemy looked on his victim for a few seconds, then ruffled his feathers, drew himself up to his full height, crowed, and with the proud stride of victor, strolled off to the rest of his flock as the hero of all outdoors.

RUINS

By Mabel M. Drake

Rich, deep, dark, in the twilight,
When the sun sets and all is dim,
I see its last rays glisten,
On the steeple tall and slim;
And the sun throws light so softly
On the turrets tall and gray,
Where the moss hangs, waving festoons,
As if saying, "Good-bye, day."

A rosy light plays round it,
And the gray walls shine and glow,
And the setting sun casts shadows
'Gainst the whiteness of the snow;
With the blue sky all about it,
With the evergreens near by,
Now the sun has set in splendor;
Darkness steals across the sky.

Then the moon shines out in glory,
And the turrets tall and gray
Are twinkling points of silver
Like the stars so far away,
And the clinging moss falls graceful
Like a curtain rich and drear
Round the wonderous lighted windows,
With their colors bright and clear.

Now the moon has gone and daybreak
Dawns across the heaven bright,
And the church is seen no longer
In its glory of the night,
But forever in my memory
There will cling this little thought
Of the glorious shining temple
That in nature God had wrought.

HE WAS ONCE A KID

By Richard Jackson

"That's all the bunk," Gibson was saying as he and Durand trudged home through the driving snow. "Of course, I'm going to give the kids what they want, but I don't intend to pull this Santa Claus rot! There's nothing to it! Why, it's what they get that those little tikes care for, not where it comes from or who brings it. So why the reindeer?"

"Look here, Bill," said Durand, "you are either losing your memory, or you have indigestion, I don't know which."

"What d'ye mean?"

"When you were a little chap, did you know where your boodle came from on December the twenty-fifth A. M.?"

"Well, no; I guess not. I didn't know any better than to swallow the toy-shop-at-the-North-Pole bunk."

"Well, if you've forgotten what a dose it was, I haven't. I wouldn't deny the kiddies that pleasure for anything, even though I gave them a whole toy shop.

"I'll always remember the mystery that settled down over the house as the 25th drew near; how the grown-ups discussed with grave countenances the probability of a visit from Kris Kringle; and how they would become silent when they perceived me hanging upon their words.

"Nor shall I forget what intense interest I took in bringing in the tree that was soon to glow with candles, sparkle with tinsel, and glitter with glass ornaments, two or three of which I used to break annually to see how much pressure they could stand before they smashed.

"Writing to Santa Claus was a pleasure which I could not be persuaded to forego. And as Christmas eve wore on into night, how my expectations and apprehensions used to mount to the boiling point. I used to sit up as long as I was allowed to do so, and then I saw to it that plenty of doors were left unlocked for the merry visitor. Surely, Bill, I enjoyed that as much as I did the following day.

"Even when I found, in snooping about, some of the toys I was to get on Christmas, my suspicions were all allayed by being told that St. Nick had left them in advance, as he had so many things to carry.

"On that eventful morning, I used to be out of bed before daybreak to see what the long expected visitor had left for me. All of those toys seemed to be surrounded with a kind of glamor, because they were fresh from the North Pole. Why, Bill, I could have eaten the very paper in which the fire-crackers were wrapped!

"Kris Kringle is coming to my house this year in all of his glory. It adds so much to my enjoyment

of the holidays when I hear the kiddies whooping for Santa!"

Gibson was silent. When they reached the arc light on the corner at which they parted, Durand saw a reminiscent light in Bill's eyes as he said with a half-guilty smile, "He's coming to my house, too!"

THE COLD, CRISP DAYS

By Effie B. Bailey

The cold, crisp days of winter are at hand;
The crickets have dispersed their little band;
The scarlet of the woods has vanished now;
The wind has taken each leaf from its bough,
And every tree is bare throughout the land.

It leaves our shaky nerves almost unmanned;
The last bright touch of color we have scanned.
With what great purpose, then, did God endow
These cold, crisp days?

Was it to show us how these things so grand
In our adoring hearts should always stand?
To teach us to what things in life to bow?
Or was it simply just to teach us how
To learn to love as well the dreary and
The cold, crisp days?

A PROTESTATION

By Alice Stinson

If anyone were to ask me what I considered America's favorite sport, I should readily reply, "Chewing gum." Everyone in America indulges in this pastime, and it is the one game that has no special season. It is carried on winter, summer, spring and autumn. What's more, everybody is a professional. Who can find an American who can't or doesn't chew gum, and pop it? Indeed

Europe has portrayed us more than once as the "Big Jawed Nation," and she is right. Why shouldn't such strenuous exercise develop American jaws like monkey wrenches? But this is not the main objection. Can anyone think of anything much more disgusting than a group of people in a public place or gathering, chewing gum? Ugh! What is more distracting than to have a gum fanatic park himself by you in a movie, and savagely pop his "Honey Fruit" right in your ear just at the sweetest, most romantic part of the picture? Once I attended a High School class play, and one of those gum chewers seated herself in front of me, suddenly became interested in the rear of the balcony, reversed her position, and fixed her gaze on the object of attraction. There I was an unwilling victim of circumstance; the little Miss Gum Chewer, looking as if she needed the aid of a jack, pulley, and a tire remover each time she moved her jaws, kept right on chewing her sex stick wad.

Some of the pupils of the Petersburg High School think it quite unreasonable that they are not allowed to chew gum in school. Imagine a poor teacher, trying to drill scholarly learning into a class of about twenty-seven or so each with a wad of gum, and some opening their months wide enough to swallow a grapefruit every time they chew. Why, the learned one (although teachers aren't usually considered quite human) would have to be put in a straight-jacket, and shipped to an asylum immediately. Who could blame him?

Chewing gum, like many other things, is all right in its place, but why torture the other fellow with your own pleasure? Ah! if people could only see themselves as others see them.

THE RULER OF THE NIGHT

By Gwendolyn Binsted

The moon, like the master of a harem,
Pushes out the weary fast-fading day in anger.
She is old, she has lost her beauty.
He will not have her in his harem.
The twinkling stars, the youngest of the harem beauties,
Each tries her best to outshine the others
And thus become the favorite of the moon.
The moon is master of the night.

THE DISASTER

By Annie Boisseau

George Martin was the contractor for a shipbuilding concern in Hampton Roads. For several years he had been working for this concern, building ships of exceptional value. His work had been the pride of the company. Government officials had praised him, wondering at his genius. It did seem that shipbuilding was an art with him. He had never had much training. He had been given this position through the influence of a friend of his, John Gordon, who was an officer in the Navy.

Commander Gordon had been his room-mate at school. Often he had helped him when in trouble. Too many times he would come in late at night, drunk or perhaps deeply in debt from gambling; always, though, his friend would doctor him or give him extra funds, and the faculty never knew anything about it. The love between the two young boys was like that of David and Jonathan. John Gordon had always wanted to join the Navy, and George wanted to build ships. Now John had been promoted to Commander and again had helped him by securing for him the kind of work he loved.

The young officer had been delighted with his friend's success and had always said that he would be absolutely happy if he could ever sail on any of his ships. So far, though, he had never been commissioned to one of them.

One day George Martin received an order from the goverment for a fleet of five ships. There had been a rumor of trouble with the Philippines, and more ships would be needed if it came to a crisis. George had been gambling again and was greatly in need of money. Temptation was presented in this new contract. Why shouldn't he build the ships, using poorer materials and, therefore, gain the difference in cost? He would not make the material too weak, but just strong enough to keep people from noticing the difference. In this way he would obtain enough money for the present. If no one suspected his dishonesty there would be no harm done. Probably the ships would wear out sooner than his others, but that would not be for a long time yet.

He decided to bear the risk and built the ships of poor grade materials. There was a slight murmer among the laborers, but nothing came of it. Martin was an expert builder and he knew his business. They thought he must have some good reason for the change.

Finally, when the ships were completed, there was an immediate demand for them. The rumor about the trouble in the Philippines had been true. There was a great uprising of the natives. American merchant vessels had been fired on and many Americans killed. The ships were dispatched at once to the islands. Quite unexpectedly Commander

Gordon had been commissioned to command the fleet. When George Martin heard this, he first began to worry about the thing he had done. He wondered whether people would suspect him. Suppose there was some accident. He had not intended to use such very poor material, but he had to have that money. Suppose his friend should be hurt, perhaps killed. He shuddered at the thought. Surely nothing like that would happen. He thought the material would stand rather rough treatment.

Then he received the news of the battle. The guns of the Filipinos, though not large, had simply torn three of the ships to pieces and badly damaged the other two. Two other ships, which had been fighting in conjunction with the fleet, had been only slightly damaged. Commander Gordon had been killed when his ship went down.

George Martin was completely overcome by the report. In his distracted mind he saw himself the murderer of hundreds of people and, above all, his most loved friend, John Gordon.

When the officials came to investigate the cause of the destruction of the ships, they found his body huddled on the floor of his room and a pistol by his side. He was no longer within reach of the accusing fingers of the government men.

MEMORY COVE

By Horace Mann

It's almost gone, the old farm house,
Within the large oak grove,
Back on the farm, where once I lived
And where I used to rove;
I think of it, as now it stands,
—Deserted, Memory Cove.

The wind and rain, the ice and snow,
Have marked my childhood home;
The weeds and shrubs now cover o'er
The rich, rose garden loam,
As tears and cares have covered o'er
My life—for now I roam.

The fields unplowed, the streams dried up
  Are all that greet me, when.
E'er I go to Memory Cove,
  Back home to dream again
Of days gone by. When once they ceased,
  They caused life's downward trend.

But even if good times have ceased
  Upon the farm to be,
And nevermore the stately grace
  Of Memory Cove I see,
Yet, though it fails, it always will
  Be beautiful to me.

OUR WEAKNESS FOR ROYALTY

By Harvey Seward

Many people of the United States have just recently become objects of much ridicule and derision, and all because of Queen Marie of Roumania. What idiots people made of themselves just because she happened to be a member of royalty and a queen of such a small country at that! For the United States citizens above everybody else to make as much over a queen, when we pretend to be true democrats and not believe in royalty, is indeed hard to understand.

What great preparations were made for her coming all over the United States. In Winchester, Virginia, for instance, while the people were busy practicing old-fashioned courtesies and the proper way of greeting royalty, Queen Marie arrived an hour sooner than she was expected, and all the welcome she had was from a poor old man who had only an apple to offer her. Then, when she went on her western tour, best friends quarreled over who should be the first to greet her.

While Queen Marie was over in America trying to do something great for her kingdom in soliciting the aid of the United States, King Ferdinand, her husband, was busy getting ill and trying to die. Then in the midst of all that, Prince Carol came in and tried to seize the throne and the kingdom for himself and to turn public opinion

in his favor and against his poor old father, which only goes to show that people of royal birth are just as human as the rest of us.

How ridiculous for us here in America to make so much over the ruler of a small kingdom just because she happens to be a queen. How much better off we should be, if, instead of enthusing so much over foreigners, we should spend more time thinking about our own country and its rulers! Surely the poor farmer with his problem of selling cotton now when the market is so low, to say nothing of the many poor humans the country over who are battling for their very existence, need our aid and thoughts much more than Queen Marie of Roumania. Yet we Americans who pride ourselves on being true democrats will fall all over ourselves in an attempt to raise money for the entertainment of a mere queen just because she is a queen.

Do we really think we are democrats, and live in a country which believes in a government of the people, for the people, by the people? If so, we have a very poor way of showing it. Let a titled person of any degree come to our shore, and how we do lose our heads! Why, even our own American fathers of today will give vast amounts of money to have their daughters wed a duke or an earl, only to land them in a divorce court. "Oh! what fools we mortals be!"

LIFE

By Mabel M. Drake

A tiny, hidden seedling,
Sunshine, rain and warmth:
A new life.

Winter—
Falling leaves, a skeleton tall,
Then death.

Spring,
Budding leaves, rising sap—
The Resurrection.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The New Junior High School

Since the Anna P. Bolling Junior High School is fast nearing completion and since the time is approaching when P. H. S. must lose some of its most experienced and efficient teachers, the whole school is looking with increased interest toward the new school. The opening of the Junior High will mean quite a transformation of the present conditions and corps of teachers. The completion and opening of the new school will be another big step toward a higher goal of education. It will increase greatly the proficiency both of the present High School and the system of education in Petersburg generally.

When the present High School was built, it was probably thought that it would be adequate for all future needs. The fact that in so short a time another school has been necessary is no discredit to the builders, but shows rather the rapid growth of education which has been evident all over the country and particularly in this community.

The Junior High, fitted with the necessary up-to-date equipment, will satisfy the great present need and, as far as we are able to see, all needs which will occur in future time.

Probably everyone has heard someone remark about the beautiful appearance of the new school. Let us hope that its morale will be as beautiful as the exterior.

J. M.

High School Elections

Passing a group of High School students in the hall the other day, I chanced to hear the following conversation:

"I wonder who was elected president of the ——."

"Of course, John was."

GROUP OF THE FACULTY OF THE ANNA P. BOLLING JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

"I had hoped that Dick would win."

"You know that John is more popular than Dick, and besides he is the president of the —— already."

"I thought I understood you to say that you believed Dick would make a good president."

"I did say so, but I knew John would win, and Jack asked me to vote for John, and I wouldn't dare to make Jack mad."

John did win, and we don't say he is not capable of filling the office, but we do say that the best man for the position was not elected and that those who voted against Dick knew they were voting against the real choice of their conscience.

How often this has occurred in the different elections held in the High School. How often has the popular rather than the capable candidate been elected.

Perhaps one of the worst causes of this fault is the voting from the floor used so often in the elections. True, it is quicker and easier than the Australian ballot, but it is not as effective. The voters become a herd of sheep, following the leaders, who are represented by a few voters who have the nerve to make a stand for the choice of their conscience. To some it even carries a sense of shame and humiliation to be on the side of the fewest votes. Instead of their conscience being eased, their minds are troubled with the thought: "What will Mary think of me? I bet she won't speak to me after she saw me vote against Jimmy."

Then there is the influence of the fair maids, the cute little things, with their rosy cheeks, ruby lips, and sparkling eyes (thanks to the drug store), who appoint themselves a committee of one to see that so-and-so is elected or that so-and-so is not elected. And a great influence they exercises, too. Find me the boy who can resist the smile or favor of the sweet young miss. What is a vote to him, or what does he care just as long as he keeps the kind regards of the damsel?

Quite often the friendly or compulsory vote plays a great part in the voter's choice. John feels that Alfred is a splendid candidate and would fill the office well, but there is Charles opposing him, and Charles is John's best friend. He would vote for Charles because it was Charles who nominated and was greatly responsible for his election to the office that he now holds.

Charles is voted for, and John tries to ease his conscience, if he has one, by the excuse that he has done a favor for a friend, when he has really done him harm and likewise has injured the organization if Charles is really elected.

A little different but yet along the same line is the election of one student to many different offices, usually a popular student who is willing to let George do it. I could name several such students in the High School within the last four years, but I refrain from doing so in fear some ill-wisher might place my name upon the list. Is it

democracy for one conceited animal to carry all the honors and praise of a class, and the hard-working students who are really the back-bone of the class to be content with as much praise and notice as one would receive in an eighth of an inch block in the left hand corner of the last page of a newspaper?

W. G.

LITTLE MISSILES

Mr. Holmes: "What is a reducing agent?"

Pupil: "The man who brings the reducing bread to mama."

Inquisitive Pupil: "How did the Queen of Denmark know she was poisoned when she drank the poisoned wine?"

Mr. Miller: "She had inside information."

Miss Perkins: "On the whole, I think these papers are very good."

Jack Drewry: "Then mine must be in the hole."

We can't understand Mr. Holmes. At the beginning of the term he clearly stated that his classes would do nothing contrary to laws of physics, and just the other day he told several boys to drop up to see him.

A Sonnet

By Horace Mann

If I could get the thoughts of holiday
Out of my mind, and placed beyond recall,
And if the time of year were spring—not fall—
So that my mind would wonder light and gay,
(Because, then poetry at its best holds sway);
And if the arm I hurt in basketball
Would stop its ache—and my kid sis her squall
And I could shut my pad and "hit the hay";
Then I would write a poem which would be
The best within my 4-L English class,
And I would get a mark and maybe pass,
And then the teacher he would smile at me;
The world would then be bowed down at my feet,
Because I'd have Italian sonnets beat.

Louise Pilcher: "'Hack' is my brother in our class play."

Dena Lee Stith: "Oh! that's the reason for such brotherly and sisterly love."

Mack Pilcher: "What did Santa bring you?"

Wm. Grossmann: "A haircut."

Pilcher: "Well, he might have given you the right size while he was doing it."

Mr. Holmes: "SO3 is the

formula for sodium trioxide."

Buddy Knight: "What is SOS the formula for?"

Mr. Powers: "Why do so many poets write about wild flowers?"

Virginia Lee Strailman: "Who, me?"

FOOTBALL FATE

By Gwendolyn Binsted

My hero rushed upon the field;
My heart at once just seemed to stop.
Rashly rushing, he stopped and kneeled.
My hero rushed upon the field
To bring first aid to one who reeled;
My hero is a football "flop."
My hero rushed upon the field;
My heart at once just seemed to stop.

Mr. Stuart: "Stop putting paper in that desk; it's not right."

Sue Collier: "I don't see why; other people put it in our desks."

Mr. Stuart (angrily): "If someone stole something from you would that make it right for you to steal?"

Collier: "Sure, I'd steal it back."

Bernard Cocke upon seeing a sign in Miss Guerrant's room, "Silence is Golden": "You'll never make your fortune in this school, Miss Guerrant."

We wonder who got that sign for Christmas, anyway. The beauty of the sign was that it was reversable. On one side was "God Bless Our Home," and turn it over and "Silence is Golden."

Mr. Stuart: "Jupiter was the father of the Gods. Now who was Mercury?"

Osborne Birdsong: "He was the god who looked after the thermometers."

CURED!

By Louise Pilcher

To shout is not the proper thing
For little girls to do,
When coming in from recess
By yourself or with a few.

But since I'm not a little girl,
I didn't think this rule
Applied to me or Dena Lee,
When we come into school.

But I have learned my lesson now;
I'll never yell or shout,
Unless, perhaps, the hall is bare
And Mr. Miller's out.

According to Mr. Miller the people who continually brag about their blue blood, would, upon being stuck, bleed ink.

Much to the surprise of the class Mr. Holmes stated that he would not stop until they started talking.

Virginia Strailman: "Are you going to the Palace tomorrow and get in for a potato?"

Harmon Ayres: "Thank you. I'm not a potato."

Ross Hall is noted for his imitations of animals and objects, but here is one that beats Ross: A man calling a bluff: "Here cliff; here cliff."

To My Ford

By William Rennie

Back in the year of twenty-two,
I bought a Ford and it was new;
It had four wheels and tires, too,
And when it ran it fairly flew.
O how I hate to think of the day,
When my Ford and I did run away.

'Twas the first night out from Cumberstown,
Oh, how the rain was pouring down!
And I thought my Ford was broken down,
Just twenty miles from Cumberstown.
O how I hate to think of the day,
When my Ford and I did run away.

Did that fool you as it did me?
I made a big discovery—
I struck a match so I could see,
And then I landed in a tree.
Oh how I hate to think of the day,
When my Ford and I did run away.

Oh, that was an awful scene
By my discovery I mean
That I have found that gasoline,
Is twin to trinitrotoluene.
O how I hate to think of the day,
When my Ford and I did run away.

"Two little worms were working away in dead earnest."

"Poor Earnest."

Frank Reinach thinks he can tone down his loud overcoat by wearing his muffler.

Miss Guerrant: "During the World War the cry was: 'Give us men; give us men!' "

Gordon Williamson: "Sounds more like an old maid's convention."

Edward Wyatt (in Latin class): "One moment, Mr. Stuart, I can't hear you." (Here he jerked off his glasses).

His ears are certainly in a funny place.

A Rondeau

By Louise Hardy

It makes me sad to have to write
A rondeau on a Friday night,
But if I put it off a day,
I will forget what I would say,
And it will be a terrible sight.

You know the subject should be light,
And everything within it right,
But I must say in every way
It makes me sad.

Indeed I try with all my might;
With every rhyme I have a fight;
And why must it be very gay
Like children happy at their play?
It settles o'er me like a blight—
It makes me sad.

SCRAPS

The student body was treated to something unusual in the way of entertainment some while back when the Student Council presented a short play at the Tuesday morning assembly. Being a change from the customary speeches made the play still more enjoyable to the students. The play was taken from one of Shakespeare's and was exceedingly well staged. Here's hoping that treats of this kind will not be reserved only as Christmas gifts, but will be presented more frequently.

The work on the Roulette is progressing rapidly, and the class of " '27" is eagerly waiting to view the finished product. The Roulette this year will represent much earnest effort on the part of the staff and the members of the faculty in charge of the work, and many new and original ideas await those who buy one. The price is to be only one dollar per copy, and anyone who buys one will certainly get his money's worth.

The cast of characters for the February class play has been chosen, and practices will be begun very soon.

This cast will present "The Charm School," a comedy in three acts, by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. The play will be coached by Professor Paul Pettit, and the proceeds will go to help pay the expenses of the Roulette.

Football has been ushered out, and basketball has taken its place as the chief pastime at the High School. At the time this goes to press the P. H. S. cagers have had only two games. The first was lost to McKenney, by the tight score of 18 to 15, but the local boys emerged victorious from the second fray with Dinwiddie by a large margin. The practice sessions were started with only one or two of last year's letter men out for practice, but considerable basketball ability has been discovered in the new candidates for the team, and all are confident that they will have a successful season.

The Page and Daniel Literary Societies have started preparations for the annual Declamation Contest. Several meetings of each society have been devoted to hearing the selections of those members who intend to enter the contest. The winner here will represent the school in the other con-

tests throughout the State. Besides the honor of representing the school in the other contests there will also be a cash prize for the best declaimer.

At the beginning of the second term many of the teachers in the lower grades will go to the Junior High School. Some of these have been at the school for quite a long time and will be greatly missed.

We all want to tell them goodbye and wish them much success at the Junior High School.

Report says that the population of Lynchburg was greatly increased the week-end of December 3rd, when the delegations arrived for the Older Boys' Conference.

Petersburg was exceedingly well represented at the conference, and was the only city whose attendance was as large as its allowance. This was due to the efforts of the Hi-Y Clubs, for practically every member of both the Junior and Senior Clubs attended the Conference. All who went reported that they enjoyed the trip greatly.

O. B.

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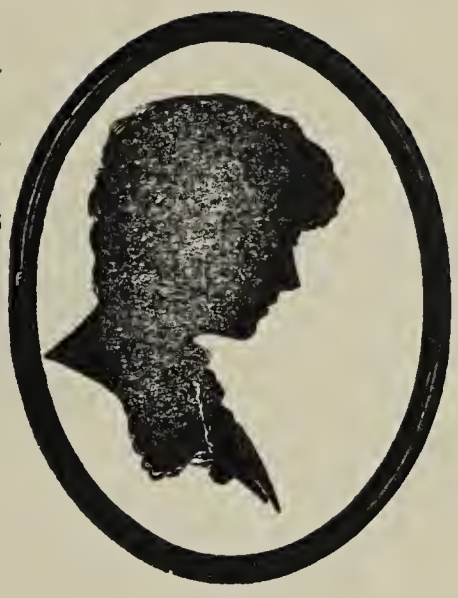

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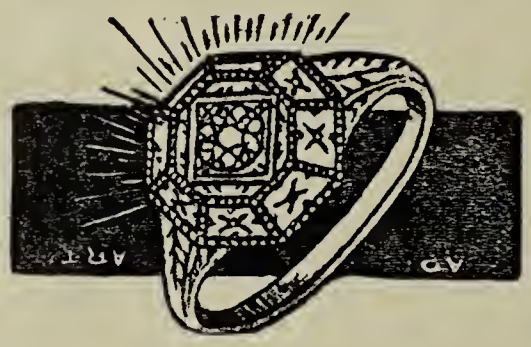

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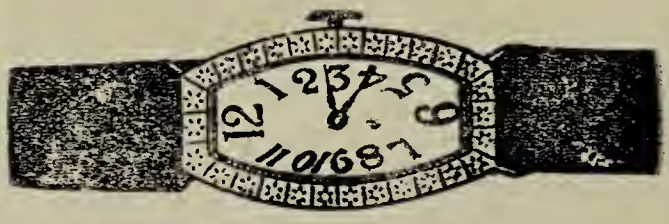

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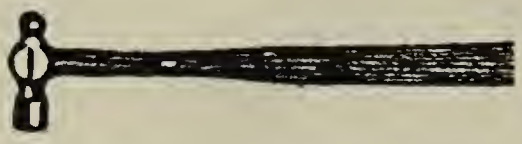

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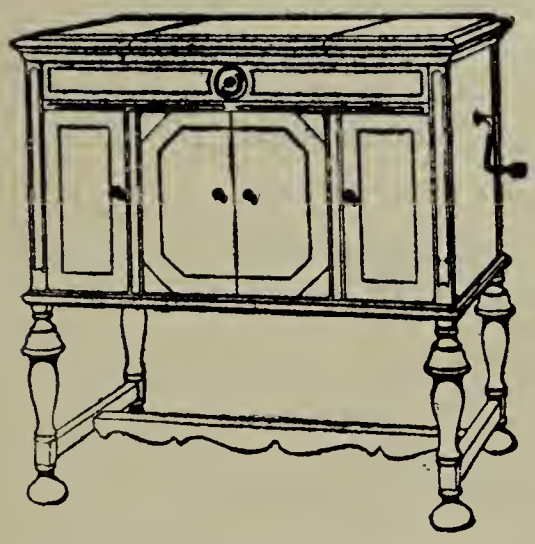

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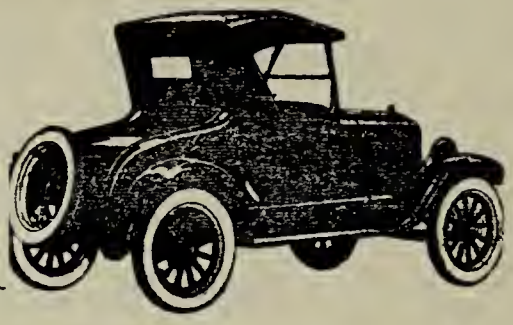

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